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framework: how could the human mind seize, how could the word render that, the essence of which is of an ineffable being? Art itself is infinite; Art, searching the soul for what is good and pure, makes us await the unquestionable. It is thus that Art appears to us as the highest degree of criticism, we attain to it the day when, convinced of the insufficiency of all systems, we arrive at wisdom, that is to say, succeed in recognizing that each formula, whether religious or philosophical, is attackable in its material expression, and that truth is only the voice of nature disengaged from every scholastic symbol and from every exclusive dogma.

"Let us thank Scheffer for showing us a Christ that we all adore. The sight of his picture softens us; we turn away with the conviction that humanity is called to an unknown destiny, it is true, but certainly to a divine one. I have no right to appreciate the work of Ary Scheffer from an artistic point of view. Some may, perhaps, regret that he did not display in it a more vigorous execution and more brilliant coloring. Scheffer, however, aspiring especially to render the idea, a too positive manner would be with him a sort of contradiction. The materialistic success of color would give too much body to the lovely beings born of his pencil, and to which he grants just as much life as is necessary in order to express the subtlest shades of sentiment. Coloring is a quality essential to a painter who seeks to render life and reality; but those artifices by which the eyes are reached when one does not know how to address the soul, would have been a misplaced luxury with the eminent artist who, in our century, has the best known how to find a way to the heart."

In concluding our thoughts and facts about Ary Scheffer, let us add the words of the same writer, who thus exclaims:

"With the sad disappearance of this man of rare genius and of elevated feeling from our century—so barren in noble natures—how many lessons of moral teachings, how many sources of profound emotion and high thought are lost to us forever!"

NOTE.—For further and more ample information of Scheffer and his works, we refer our readers to an article in the "Revue des Deux Mondes," by M. Vitet, for October, 1858; to the "Gazette des Beaux Arts," in the numbers for February 1 and July 1, 1859, and to an excellent article in the "Atlantic Monthly" for September of this year. In connection with the above criticism on the "Temptation of Christ," we would refer our readers to the admirable criticism of Mr. Stilleman, published in the first number of the CRAYON, Jan. 3, 1855.

THE golden age never leaves the world: it exists still, and shall exist, till love, health, poetry, are no more—but only for the young.—*Bulwer.*

THE facts of history and of science constitute only the materials of knowledge. Fact without philosophy is like matter uninformed with mind; or like the letters in a printer's case, compared with the same when put into type; or as the words and syllables of a dead language without an interpreter.—*Olulov.*

VALLEY BY THE MOUNTAINS.

A PERSIAN SKETCH.

WHERE 'neath the glances of the radiant morn,
Luristan's high crown, flushing in the dawn,
Hath lovelier visions burst upon the sight
Than that which hath been thine since new-born light.
Scattered the gloom of chaos? Beauty here
Her throne of majesty doth surely rear;
And 'neath her dome of pearly mottled blue
Reveals a scene magnificent to view.
Romance itself here in that wild ravine
Must linger all the year; now in soft, green
Voluptuous loveliness attired; and then
Veiled by the jealous hand of Winter, when
The monarch of white locks and silvery crown
Returns to this his palace, and casts down
Soft, snowy carpets, and bids Nature wear
A robe of whiteness pure as childhood's fair
And sunny dream of home and love and bliss.

O surely in a scene as bright as this
Th' enkindled soul must upward rise and greet
The smiles of heaven with homage warm and sweet;
The soft, green, slumbering loveliness we see
'Round yonder brook shall voiceless quickener be
Of tender dreams which in the sunshine sleep
Of Fancy's eye, and of heart-musings deep.
The painter, when with wizard wand he makes
The canvas to a mirror change, which takes
Th' enchanting image of this scene of grace,
(There fixed, as is the sweet and flowery face
We fondly loved preserved in memory's glass,
A picture bright that never thence can pass) —
The painter of this scene shall honored be
By souls exalted and refined to see
This charming page of Nature's poetry.

As Venus smiling by the side of Mars,
With countenance as fair as dew-washed stars,
Turned lovingly up toward the hero grand,
So looks this loveliest vale of all the land
Up toward Luristan's rugged heights sublime,
The mighty guardians of this rosy clime.
Lo! in the distance, sparkling through the green,
The minarets of Ispahan are seen.

REV. GURDON HUNTINGTON.

MERE exemption from error in general is within the reach of an ordinary genius. The characteristic of a powerful one is to grasp after new or vigorous ideas, though it may hold them in connection with several minor inaccuracies. . . . We might safely affirm that in ninety cases out of a hundred, a mind above the common is more distinguished by comprehension and variety than by unimpeachable correctness of thought, which is compatible enough with poverty and sterility of intellect.—*Olulov.*

THERE are some to whose eye external nature, which is but the garment of the Creator, by the very grace and amplitude of its foldings, seems to conceal the feet of Divinity.—*Boyer.*